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Ecclesiastical Transactions!

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COLLECTION

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Reverend Jokes.

*My Lord of L— chancing to remark
A rev'rend Dean, much busy'd in the Park:
Proceed, he cry'd, proceed my rev'rend Bro-
ther,
'Tis Fornicatio Simplex, and no other, &c.*



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Ecclesiastical Transactions.



THE Bishop of *Durham* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other as usual in his Breeches ; and beginning to speak, I have something in my Hand, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows — Upon which the *Duke* of *Warr* immediately interrupting him, ask'd, In which Hand, my Lord ?

The witty Lord *Rochester* riding one Day in company with another Gentleman, they met on the Road Dr. *Isaac Barrow* with a Woman behind, whom they suppos'd to be his Wife;

A

and

and having a mind to pass a Joke on him, my Lord rode up and saluted him, which the Doctor return'd; *Well Doctor*, says my Lord, *Who wears the Breeches to Day?* Quoth the Doctor very courteously, *My Arse, my Lord.*

When the late Lord *Ross* was upon his Death-Bed, Dr.—— the Parson of the Parish, a grave and formal Priest, was very pressing to come and pray by him, but being refus'd several Times, he at last sent word that he must be admitted, for that he had a Commission from God Almighty to come and administer Comfort to him in his last Moments. Upon which my Lord desired his Service to the Doctor, but that he was afraid there was some Mistake in his Commission, for he could never believe that God Almighty would send such a Fool of his Errants.

Dr. *Hickringle*, who was one of King *Charles* the second's Chaplains, whenever he preach'd before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his Faults, and to scold him from the Pulpit very severely. One Day his Majesty walking in the *Mall*, observ'd the Doctor before him, and sent to speak to him: When he came, *Doctor*, says the King, *What have I done to you, that you are always quarreling with me? I hope your Majesty is not angry with me*, quoth the Doctor, *for telling the Truth.* No, no, says the King, *but I would have us for the future be*
Friends,

Friends. Well, well, quoth the Doctor, I'll make it up with your Majesty on these Terms, as you mend I'll mend.

The Reverend Mr. *Wh---n* being with the late *Q---n*, she was very importunate to know of him, what the World said of her. He would fain have excus'd himself, saying, he never lov'd to enter into such Conversation; but her M---y still insisting, he said, if I must speak, Madam, *It is the Voice of common Fame, that you talk and laugh all the Time of Divine Service.* Well, Mr. *W---n*, said her M---y, *and what else do they say? Come, tell me all.* No, Madam, said he, *first let me see you reform this, and then I may possibly tell you more.*

In a little Country Town, it happened that the Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church after her lying in, to return Thanks to God, or, as it is commonly called, to be church'd: poor Parson, aiming to be very civil, and thinking plain *Woman* a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady!* The Clerk resolving not to be behindhand with him, answer'd, *Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

A Living of 500*l.* per Ann. falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor *Talbot*, Sir *R--- W---* recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom

his Lordship approved of. In the interim the Curate, who had serv'd the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30*l.* *per Annum*, came up with a Petition sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add ten Pounds a Year, he should for ever pray.—His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promis'd to use his Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman for whom the Living was design'd coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a Year instead of thirty. The Parson, in some Confusion, reply'd, *he was very sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promis'd the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word.* How! says my Lord, *have you promis'd the Curacy before you was possessed of the Living?* Well, *to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living I assure you I shall give to another:* And saying this he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, *that he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having*
dispos'd

dispos'd of it before. The Curate with a deep Sigh return'd his Lordship thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition to a comfortable State of Life.

The said noble Lord, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend——, who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day reply'd, that when he was so he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his Promise, and order'd the Presentation to be fill'd up for his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask for this Living. Why really, said my Lord, I wish you had come a Day sooner, but I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame; so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinc'd him that he had not forgot his Promise.

I

The

The Rev. Mr. *Wb — n*, the famous Astronomer, had made a Calculation that the World would be at an end in fifteen Years, and some time afterwards offering to dispose of an Estate, he ask'd the Gentleman who was about it, at the Rate of 30 Years purchase; upon which the Gentleman in a very great Surprize, demanded how he could ask so many Years purchase, when he very well knew the World would be at an end in half the time.

A Country Curate being one *Friday* in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the Bell tolling for Prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a Game of *All-fours* unfinish'd, in which he had the Advantage; but told his Antagonist he would soon dispatch his Audience, and see him out. Now for fear any Tricks should be play'd with the Cards in his Absence, he put them in his Cassock; and asking one of the Children how many Commandments there were, which the Boy not readily answering, by accident one of the Cards dropt out of his Sleeve: He had the presence of Mind to bid the Boy take it up, and tell him what Card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the Parents of the Child, Are not you asham'd, said he, to pay so little regard to the Eternal Welfare of your Children, as not to teach them their Commandments? I suspected your Neglect, and brought this Card with me, to detect your Immorality, in Teaching your Children

to know their Cards before their Commandments.

A Bishop of *L--d--n* having misrepresented Dr. *R--ndle* to the King, and the Doctor being inform'd of it, told the Bishop he was an Incendiary, and had acted in a manner very unbecoming his Character ; which the Bishop complaining of to one of his Right Reverend Brethren, as they were walking in the Park, said, since they paid so little Regard to his Representations, he would concern himself no more with Church-Affairs, but retire to *F---m*, and endeavour to make his Peace with God. O, *my Lord*, reply'd his miter'd Brother with great Emotion, *never think of That, I beg of you.*

One of King *James* the First's Chaplains preaching before the Court at *White-hall*, made use of the following Quibbles in his Discourse. Speaking of the Depravity of the Age, almost all Houses (he said) were made *Ale-Houses*; That Men made *Matrimony* a *Matter of Money*; and placed their *Paradise* in a *Pair of Dice*. Was it so in the Days of *Noah*? — *Ah no!*

The Rev. Mr. *H--nl--y* waiting one Day at Sir *Robert's* Levee, was ask'd by the Knight what brought him there? The Orator reply'd, I hear you want a good Pen. No, said Sir *Robert*, I don't. Then, said the Orator, I have
a bad

a *bad* one, which perhaps you mayn't like. Well, said the Knight, if it is *very bad*, I must get one of the Secretaries of State to *mend* it.

Dr. *Atterbury*, the late Bishop of *Rockester*, being committed to the *Tower* on Suspicion of High Treason, happen'd some time after to have a Quarrel with the Goaler, and beat him heartily. Some Ladies happening to be debating whether the Doctor was a Man of so turbulent a Character, ask'd Dean *J——nes* what he thought of him? who answer'd, He knew him to be of so quarrellsome a Temper, that he believ'd if he was in *Abraham's Bosom* he would kick his *Guts* out.

Sir *Joseph Jekyll* said to his Secretary one day (who was an honest inoffensive, tho' not an over-religious Man) Mr. —— I never see you at Church. No, reply'd the other, I seldom go; not that I think there is any *Harm* in it neither.

The Duke of *Buckingham* being one day at Dinner at a certain Nobleman's Table, a Goose happen'd to be plac'd at the lower End just overagainst the Chaplain: I think, says the Duke, I have generally observ'd that the Goose and the Parson go together. The Company smiled a little at the Duke's Joke, but the Chaplain laugh'd immoderately, protesting it was the best Jest he had ever heard in his Life; and,

and, my Lord, said he, *I shall never see a Goose while I live, but I shall think of your Grace.*

Dr. South being one Morning visiting a Gentleman, he was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman step'd into the next Room, and told his Wife he had invited the Doctor to Dinner, and desir'd her to provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her Husband, being very much provoked at her Behaviour, protested, That if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who had heard all that past, immediately step'd out, crying, *I beg Sir, you will make no Stranger of me!*

The strange Enthusiastic Dutchess of Newcastle, who wrote so many wild extravagant Books on various Subjects, came one Morning to visit the famous Bishop Wilkins, who wrote the *Description of the World in the Moon, with the Probability of a Method being found out for travelling thither*. She told him, she approv'd of his Book very much, and thought the Scheme of travelling thither might be very feasible; only one thing stuck with her, and that was, how they should do for Inns or Conveniences to bait on the Road. Madam, replied the Bishop after he had paus'd a while, that indeed may

be an Objection to some People, but it can be none to your Grace, who have built so many Castles in the Air, that you may lie every Night at your own House.

A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, although an old Fellow of above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that account, and ask'd him if he never read at home? No, reply'd the Clown, I can't read. I dare say, said the Parson, you don't know who made you : Not I, in troth, said the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same time, Who made you, Child? cry'd the Parson. God, answer'd the Boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman; are you not ashamed to hear a Child of five or six Years old tell you who made him, when you that are so old a Man cannot? Ah, said the Countryman, it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other Day, it's a great while, Master, since I was made.

A certain Reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, that it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day : Oh ! said the other, I preach twice every *Sunday*, and make nothing of it.

One of the foresaid Gentlemen, as was his Custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a
Congre-

Congregation not us'd to him, many of them flunk out of the Church one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. Truly, said a Gentleman present, this Learned Doctor has made a very *moving* Discourse.

A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation went out of the Church in a great Hurry, and being met by a Friend, he ask'd him, whither he was going? Home for my Night Cap, answer'd the first, for I find we are to stay here all Night.

Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the Last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted, among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain Cardinal who was his Enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon, the Cardinal complain'd to Pope *Clement* the Seventh, of the Affront, and desiring it might be defac'd: You know very well, said the Pope, I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.

A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on Happiness or Bliss; when he had done, a Gentleman told him, that he had forgot one sort of Happiness: Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon.

When Sir *Cloudefly Shovel* set out on his Expedition

Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer compos'd by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet; in which his Grace made use of this unlucky Expression, *That he begg'd God would be a Rock of Defence to this Fleet*; which occasion'd the following Lines to be made on the Monument set up for him in *Westminster* Abby, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks call'd *The Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet wou'd be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

A melting Sermon being preach'd in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being ask'd why he did not weep with the rest? *O!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children, who were devour'd by two She-Bears for reviling the o'd Prophet; and not much liking his Sermon, some Time after seeing the same Parson come into the Pulpit to preach at another Church: *Oh ho!* said he, *What are you here with your Bears again?*

The

The famous Sir *George Rooke*, when he was a Captain of Marines, quarter'd at a Village where he buried a pretty many of his Men; at length the Parson refus'd to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it; which being told Captain *Rooke*, he order'd six Men of the Company to carry the Corps of the Soldier then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall Table. This so embarrass'd the Parson, that he sent the Captain Word, if he'd fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and his whole Company for nothing.

A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caus'd a large Causeway to be begun: As he was one Day overlooking his Work, a certain Nobleman came by: *Well, Doctor*, says he, *for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven. Very true, my Lord*, reply'd the Doctor, *for if it had, I should have wonder'd to have met your Lordship here.*

The late Lord *Dorset*, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop, *why he confer'd Orders on so many Blockheads?* Oh, my Lord, says he, *'tis better the Ground should be plow'd by Asses, than lye quite untill'd.*

An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-lane, and not giving

giving him the Way so readily as he expected; the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, *He was better fed than taught.* Very likely indeed, Sir, reply'd the Farmer, *for You teach me, and I feed myself.*

Dr. Loyde, Bishop of *Worcester*, so eminent for his Prophecies, when, by his Solicitations and Compliance at Court, he got remov'd from a poor *Welch* Bishoprick to a rich *English* one, a reverend Dean of the Church said, that he found his Brother Loyde spelt Prophet with an F.

When his late Majesty, in coming from *Holland*, happened to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the Captain of the Yacht cry'd to the Chaplain, *In five Minutes more, Doctor, we shall be with the Lord.* The Lord forbid, answer'd the Doctor.

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen who were with him, do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride on an Ass.* Why really, Sir, reply'd the Parson, *the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a Mind to it.*

A young Curate, with more Pertness than Wit and Learning, being ask'd in Company, how he come to take it into his Head to enter into the Ministry of the Church? *Because*, said he, *the Lord hath need of me*. That may be, reply'd a Gentleman present, for I have read that the Lord had once need of an *Ass*.

A certain Preacher, when many of his Auditory were asleep, heard a Child cry: *Good Nurse*, says he, *still the Child, or it may waken some of the best in the Parish*.

A Painter having drawn the Picture of *Peter and Paul*, a certain Cardinal told him their Faces were too high colour'd: O, says he, I painted them as they are now in Heaven, blushing to see the Church so ill govern'd on Earth.

Hugh Peters once preaching to a small Auditory (tho' he had commonly a crowded one) observ'd a Country Fellow going out of the Church, to whom he call'd, desiring him to stay, and he would tell him a Story: Which being done, Now, said he to the Fellow, do you not deserve to be soundly punish'd, that would not stay to hear the Word of God, but with great Attention lend your Ears to an idle Tale?

Another Time he took Occasion in his Sermon to reprehend the modish Gallants of those
Times,

Times, saying, Beloved, the short Breeches which *Men* now wear, makes them seem like *Apes*; whilst the *Ladies* forsooth have their Gowns trailing half a Yard upon the Ground: Now to rectify this Disorder, You Women must take up your Coats, and you Men must let down your Breeches: Yet do not mistake me, I mean, you Women must make your Coats shorter, and you Men your Breeches longer.

Another Time preaching at *Christ Church*, and his Glass being out, a jolly Fellow with a red Nose was going out of the Church, which *Hugh* 'spying, turn'd his Glass, and cry'd, Pray Friend stay and take the other Glass.

An old Mass Priest in the reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, just after the Bible was translated into *English*, reading the Miracle of the five Loaves and the two Fishes; when he came to the Verse of the Number of the Guests, he paused a while, and at last said, they were above 500: The Clerk whispered him in the Ear, it was five Thousand. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, says the Priest, we shall never make them believe there were five Thousand.

A Priest in a certain Abby, being a Fisherman's Son, used every Meal to have a Net laid on the Table, in token of Humility, and

to remind him from whence he came. The Abbot dying, (for his great Virtue and Humility he was elected Abbot,) and now the Net was laid on the Table no more; being ask'd the Reason, *I have taken what I fish'd for*, said he, *and have now no need of it.*

A notorious Bawd of *Clerkenwell* having left in her Will a handsome Sum of Money, to be given to the Reverend Dr. L---- to preach her Funeral Sermon, but on Condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her: Her Executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the Conditions of her Will; who being very much surpriz'd at such a Request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came, when he agreed that on the Money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following *Sunday*. The Doctor kept his Word, and taking the Text, *Blessed are they*, &c. made an excellent Sermon on a well-spent Life, and the Reward they would have in the next World, concluding; Dear Friends, *said he*, as for the deceas'd, of whom I am now going to speak, (which caus'd great Attention from the Congregation) all I shall say of her is, that she was born at *Camberwell*, liv'd great Part of her Time in *Bridewell*, and dy'd at *Clerkenwell*, and at last has *done well*; then let us pray that she may *farewel*, &c. &c.

The Reverend Mr. B---n coming from *Holland* with the K---g, a terrible Hurricane arising, the Sloop was in great Danger of being lost ; the facetious Mr. B---d of *Alb---street*, being in the Cabbin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another World, desired him to take Notice that if they were cast away, the Shirt he had on belonged to Mr. — G——, and that he might have it again ; then falling on his Knees attempted to rehearse the L——s *Prayer*, but with such a Tone as frightened the Ship's Crew ; on which the Captain running down desired him to pray to himself, and to his great Surprize found the Doctor stripping himself: *Pray Doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* O, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my Life.*





ANECDOTES

FROM THE

INQUISITION.



THE chief Magistrate, or Consul of the City of *Litomericia*, a cruel and deceitful Man, to convince the Pope of his extraordinary Zeal, caused 24 of the chief Citizens (among whom was the Husband of his only Daughter) to be seized, and imprison'd in the highest Tower at *St. Michael's Gate*, where they were kept till they were almost perish'd with Hunger and Cold. At length, after having consulted with some Captains of *Sigismund's* Army, he caused them to be brought out, to receive Sentence of Death, which he pronounced on them himself, and was to be executed on them immediately, by being

drowned in the River *Albis*. In vain did their Relations petition for Mercy ; in vain did his only Child kneel at his Feet ! In an Agony of Grief, cover'd with Tears, she held his Robe, and in the most moving Terms begg'd the Life of her Husband. The *Barbarian*, or (to sum up all Iniquity in one Word) the bigotted Papist, commanded her to leave off weeping ; telling her, she knew not what she ask'd : What, *said he*, cannot I provide a more worthy Husband than this Heretick ? The poor Lady, finding all her Endeavours could not move him, rose up, and only said, Oh, Father, you shall never espouse me more to any ! By this Time the Carts were come, in which they were to be carried to the River ; and a great Concourse of People, with the Wives, Children, and Friends of the Innocent Victims, were assembled to attend them to the dreadful Scene of Horror. The Consul's Daughter kept close by her Husband all the Way, beating her Breast, and tearing the Hair from off her Head. When the Martyrs were brought to the Banks of *Albis*, they were taken down from the Carts ; and, while the Ferries were preparing, they took their last Farewel of their Wives and Friends, with loud Voices protesting their Innocency, earnestly exhorting them to Zeal and Constancy, to cleave to the Word of God without any Regard to Mens Inventions. With Christian Charity they forgave, and pray'd for their Enemies. Thus recommending

ing their Souls to God, they were put into the Boats, and carried into the middle of the River ; from whence they were thrown in, bound Hands and Feet, that they might have no Opportunity to escape drowning. Several Officers stood upon the Shore, with Iron Forks and Poles, watching that none of them should be cast on the Banks, stabbing those who happened to roul towards them, tho' the poor Wretches were half dead before. The Consul's Daughter, seeing her Husband, leapt into the River, and, clasping him about the Middle, endeavour'd to save him from drowning ; but she not being able to wade, by reason of the Depth, nor he to unloose himself, they sunk to the Bottom together. The next Day they were taken up, and buried both in one Grave. The Pangs of Death had not been able to make her let go her Hold ; for they were found with her Arms closely embracing the Body of her beloved Husband. This was done on the 30th of *May*, in the Year 1421.

They apprehended in the Inquisition at *Seville* a noble Lady, *Joan Boborquia*, the Wife of *Francis Varquius*, a very eminent Man, and Lord of *Higuera*, and Daughter of *Peter Garfia Xeresius*, a wealthy Citizen of *Seville*. The Occasion of her Imprisonment was, that her Sister, *Mary Boborquia*, a young Lady of eminent Piety, who was afterwards burnt for her pious Confession, had declared in her Torture, that she had several times conversed

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with

with her Sister concerning her own Doctrine. When she was first imprisoned, she was about six Months gone with Child, upon which account she was not so straitly confined, nor used with that Cruelty which the other Prisoners were treated with, out of Regard to the Infant she carried in her. Eight Days after her Delivery they took the Child from her, and on the fifteenth shut her close up, and made her undergo the Fate of the other Prisoners, and began to manage her Cause with their usual Arts and Rigour. In so dreadful a Calamity she had only this Comfort, that a certain pious young Woman, who was afterwards burnt for her Religion by the Inquisitors, was allowed her for her Companion. This young Creature was, on a certain Day, carry'd out to her Torture, and being returned from it into her Prison, she was so shaken, and had all her Limbs so miserably disjointed, that when she lay upon her Bed of Rushes, it rather increas'd her Misery, than gave her Rest ; so that she could not turn herself without the most excessive Pain. In this Condition, as *Boborquia* had it not in her power to shew her any, or but very little outward Kindness, she endeavour'd to comfort her Mind with great Tenderness. The Girl had scarce begun to recover from her Torture, when *Boborquia* was carried out to the same Exercise, and was tortured with such diabolical Cruelty upon the Rack, that the Rope pierced and cut into the very Bones
of

of her Arms, Thighs, and Legs ; and in this manner she was brought back to Prison just ready to expire, the Blood immediately running out of her Mouth in great Plenty. Undoubtedly they had burst her Bowels, inso-much, that the eighth Day after her Torture she died. And when after all they could not procure sufficient Evidence to condemn her, tho' sought after and procured by all their Inquisitorial Arts, yet as the accused Person was born in that Place, where they were obliged to give some Account of the Affair to the People, and indeed could not by any means dissemble it, in the first Act of Triumph appointed after her Death, they commanded her Sentence to be pronounced in these Words: *Because this Lady died in Prison (without doubt suppressing the Causes of it) and was found to be innocent upon inspecting and diligently examining her Cause, therefore the Holy Tribunal pronounces her free from any farther Process, doth restore her both as to her Innocence and Reputation, and commands all her Effects which had been confiscated to be restored to those to whom they of Right belonged, &c.* And thus after they had murdered her by Torture with savage Cruelty, they pronounced her Innocent.

There was at *Seville* a certain poor Man, who daily maintained himself and his Family by the Sweat of his Brows. A certain Parson detained his Wife from him by Violence,
neither

neither the Inquisition, nor any other Tribunal punishing this heinous Injury. As the poor Man was one Day talking about Purgatory with some other Persons, of his own Circumstances, he happened to say, rather out of rustick Simplicity than any certain Design, *that he truly had enough of Purgatory already, by the rascally Parson's violently detaining from him his Wife.* This Speech was reported to the good Parson, and gave him an Handle to double the poor Man's Injury, by accusing him to the Inquisitors, as holding a false Opinion concerning Purgatory. And this the holy Tribunal thought more worthy of Punishment than the Parson's Wickedness. The poor Wretch was taken up for this trifling Speech, kept in the Inquisitors Prison for two whole Years, and at length being brought in Proceßion, was condemn'd to wear the *Sambenito* for three Years in a private Prison; and when they were expired, to be dismissed, or kept longer in Prison, as the Lords Inquisitors should think fit. Neither did they spare the poor Creature any thing of his little Substance, tho' they did his Wife to the Parson, but adjudged all the Remains of what he had after his long Imprisonment to the Exchequer of the Inquisition.

Lewis a Paramo gives us a remarkable Instance of one *Mary* of the Annunciation, Prioress of the Monastery of the Annunciation at
Lisbon,

Lisbon, a Maid of 32 Years old, who had pretended that the Wounds of Christ, by the special Grace and Privilege of God, were imprinted on her, and shewed 32 Wounds made on her Head, representing the Marks of those which were made by our Saviour's Crown of Thorns, and Blood sprinkled on her Hands like a Rose, the Middle of which was like a Triangle, and shewed the Holes of the Nails narrower on one side than the other: The same were to be seen in her Feet. Her Side appeared as tho' it had been laid open by a Lance. When all these Things were openly shewn, it was wonderful to see how they raised the Admiration and Devotion of serious and holy Men, and withal surprized and deceived them; for she did not suffer those pretended Wounds to be seen otherwise than by Command of her Confessor. And that absent Persons might have a great Veneration for her, she affirmed, that on *Thursdays* she put into the Wounds a small Cloth, which received the Impression of five Wounds in Form of a Cross, that in the Middle being the largest. Upon which these Cloths were sent, with the greatest Veneration, thro' the infinite Devotion of the Faithful, to the Pope, and to almost all the most venerable and religious Persons of the whole World. And as *Paramus* then had the Administration of the Causes of Faith in the Kingdom of *Sicily*, he saw several of those Cloths, and the Picture of that Woman drawn to the Life, and a Book written by a Person of

great Authority concerning her Life, Sanctity, and Miracles. Yea, Pope *Gregory XIII.* himself determined to write Letters to that wretched Creature, to exhort her thereby to persist with Constancy in her Course, and to perfect what she had begun. At last the Imposture was found out, that the Marks of the Wounds were not real, but made with red Lead.

Nicholas Burton, an *Englishman*, a Person remarkable for his Piety, was apprehended by the Inquisition of *Seville*, and afterwards burnt for his immoveable Perseverance in the Confession of his Faith, and Detestation of their Impiety. When he was first seized, all his Effects and Merchandises, upon account of which he came to *Spain*, were, according to the Custom of the Inquisition, sequestred. Amongst these were many other Merchandises which were consigned to him as Factor, according to the Custom of Merchants, by another *English* Merchant dwelling in *London*. This Merchant, upon hearing that his Factor was imprisoned, and his Effects seized on, sent one *John Fronton*, as his Attorney, into *Spain*, with proper Instruments, to recover his Goods. His Attorney accordingly went to *Seville*, and having laid before the Holy Tribunal the Instruments and all other necessary Writings, demanded that the Goods should be delivered to him. The Lords answered, that the Affair must be managed in Writing, and that he must chuse

chuse himself an Advocate, undoubtedly to prolong the Suit, and out of their great Goodness appointed him one, to draw up for him his Petitions, and all other Instruments, which were to be offer'd to the Holy Tribunal, for every one of which they exorbitantly took from him eight Reals, altho' he received no more Advantage from them, than if they had never been drawn at all. *Fronton* waited for three or four Months, twice every Day, viz. in the Morning and after Dinner, at the Gates of the Inquisitor's Palace, praying and beseeching, on his bended Knees, the Lords Inquisitors, that his Affair might be expedited, and especially the Lord Bishop of *Tarraco*, who was then chief Inquisitor at *Seville*, that he in virtue of his Supreme Authority would command his Effects to be restored to him. But the Prey was too large and rich to be easily recovered. After he had spent four whole Months in fruitless Prayers and Entreaties, he was answered, that there was need of some other Writings from *England*, more ample than those he had brought before, in order to the Recovery of the Effects. Upon this the *Englishman* immediately returns to *London*, and procures the Instruments of fuller Credit which they demanded, comes back with them to *Seville*, and laid them before the Holy Tribunal. The Lords put off his Answer, pretending they were hindered by more important Affairs. They repeated this Answer to him every Day, and so put

him off for four Months longer. When his Money was almost spent, and he still continued earnestly to press the Dispatch of his Affair, they referred him to the Bishop. The Bishop, when consulted, said he was but one, and that the expediting the Matter belonged also to the other Inquisitors; and by thus shifting the Fault from one to the other, there was no Appearance of an End of the Suit. But at length being overcome by his Importunity, they fixed on a certain Day to dispatch him. And the Dispatch was this: The Licentiate *Gascus*, one of the Inquisitors, a Man well skill'd in the Frauds of the Inquisition, commands him to come to him after Dinner. The *Englishman* was pleased with this Message, and went to him about Evening, believing that they began to think in good Earnest, of restoring him his Effects; and carrying him to Mr. *Burton* the Prisoner, in order to make up the Account, having heard the Inquisitors often say, tho' he did not know their real Meaning, that it was necessary that he and the Prisoner should confer together, when he came, they commanded the Prison Keeper to clap him up in such a particular Prison, which they named to him. The poor *Englishman* believed at first, that he was to be brought to *Burton* to settle the Account, but soon found himself a Prisoner in a dark Dungeon, contrary to his Expectation, and that he had quite mistaken the Matter. After three or four Days they brought him

him to an Audience; and when the *Englishman* demanded that the Inquisitors should restore his Effects to him, they well knowing that it would agree perfectly with their usual Arts, without any other Preface, commanded him to recite his *Ave Maria*. He simply repeated it after this manner: *Hail, Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst Women, and blessed is Jesus, the Fruit of thy Womb, Amen.* All was taken down in Writing, and without mentioning a Word about the restoring his Effects, for there was no need of it, they commanded him back to his Prison, and commenced an Action against him for an Heretick, because he had not repeated the *Ave-Maria* according to the Manner of the Church of *Rome*, and had left off in a suspected Place, and ought to have added, *Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us Sinners;* by omitting which Conclusion, he plainly discover'd that he did not approve the Intercession of the Saints. And thus at last upon this righteous Pretence he was detained a Prisoner many Days. After this he was brought forth in Procession wearing an Habit, all his Principal's Goods for which he had been suing being confiscated, and he himself condemned to a Year's Imprisonment.



S O M E
B E A U T I F U L P A S S A G E S
Collected from the
S C O T C H P R E A C H E R S.



*M*R. *Strange* preaching before several Ladies of the best Quality in *Scotland*, on *Acts* ii. ver. 37. *Now when they heard this they were pricked at their Hearts*, began thus : Some of you are come hither to Day to get a Prick, I fear few of you have gotten a Prick, but some of you may get a Prick in a short Time. And seeing some laugh, he said, Do not mistake me, Sirs, it is not a natural Prick I mean, but a Prick at the Heart; not the Prick of the Flesh, but the Prick of the Spirit, the sweet Prick of Conscience. One of them preaching upon Drunkenness, told

told his Hearers, there were four sorts of Drunkenness: 1. To be drunk like a Sow, tumbling in the Mire, like many of this Parish. 2. There is to be drunk like a Dog; the Dog fills the Stomach of him, and spues all out again; and thou *John Jamison* wast this way drunk the other Day. 3. There is to be drunk like a Goose. Of all Drunkenness, Sirs, beware of the Drunkenness of the Goose, for it never rests, but constantly dips the Gobb of it in the Water. You are all drunk this way, Sirs, I need name none of you. 4. There is to be drunk like a Sheep. The Sheep seldom or never drinks, but sometimes wets the Mouth of it in the Water, and rises up as well as ever; and I myself use to be drunk thus, Sirs. But now, said he, I see two Gentlemen in the Kirk; and, Gentlemen, you are both Strangers to me, but I must vindicate myself at your Hands. I have here the cursed'st Parish that ever God put breath in; for all my preaching against Drunkenness, they will gang into an Alehouse after Sermon, and get a mickle Cup full of hot Ale, and they will say, *Would we had the Minister in the midst of it!* Now, Gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good Preaching!

Mr. *Areskine* holding forth in the Trone-Kirk, concerning *Noah's Ark*, said, that the Wolf and the Lamb lodged peaceably together in it; and what do you think was the Reason
of

of this, Beloved? *It was done to fulfill that Prophecy of Isaiah, Sirs, the Wolf and the Lamb shall lie down together.*

Mr. *James Kirkton* preaching upon *Jezebel*, said, That well-favour'd Whore, what became of her, Sirs? She fell from a Window Arse over Head, and her black Bottom was discovered: You may all guess what the Beholder saw, beloved, *a black Sight you may be sure.*

The same Teacher preaching on the Poverty of the People of God, gave this remarkable Instance; Brethren, *says he*, Criticks with their Frim-frams and Whyite-whaties, may imagine a hundred Reasons for *Abraham's* going out of the Land of *Chaldea*; but I will tell you what was always my Opinion, I believe *Abraham*, poor Man, was forc'd to run out of the Land of *Chaldea* for Debt.

Mr. *James Wilson* preaching on Faith, said, *By Faith Noah saw the Deluge before it came*; but I will tell you a far more wonderful Effect of Faith than that, *John the Baptist saw Christ through twa Wymbs*; was not that a clear-ey'd little one, Sirs?

Mr. *Robert Steidman* told his Audience, that Christ was not proud nor lordly, for he rode upon an Afs, which is a low Beast; and wherefore think ye did he this? It was, Sirs, for the
Convenience

Convenience of the old Wives that follow'd him, that he might whisper the Gospel in their Ears as they went along.

Another Time he told them, that the best of God's Saints have a Tincture of Atheism; for a Proof of which, *says he*, you may read these Words, *The Fool hath said in his Heart there is no God.*

Mr. *James Kirton* preaching in *Edinburgh*, concerning *Joseph* and *Mary*, told his Audience, that the first Night they lay together, *Joseph* laid his Hand on her Belly, and found her with Bairn; the honest Man, *quoth he*, turn'd very angry, and would have put her away, as any of us all would have done had we met with the like; for who would ever suspect that the Holy Ghost should have another Man's Wife?

One of them preaching upon these Words, *Resist the Devil, and he will fly from you*, began thus: My beloved, you are all here to Day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickle horned Devil. Ye cannot see him; but by the Eye of Faith I see him. But some of you will say, What shall we do with him now we have him here? how shall we destroy him? we will hang him. Alas, my beloved, there are not so many Tows in the Parish as hung him, he is light as a Feather. Then some of you will
E
say,

say, we will drown him. Humph, my beloved, there is too much Cork in his Arse, he's as souple as an Eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say, we will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your fals, but ye canna burn him, for all the Fire in Hell could never yet singe a Hair of his Tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a Way among ye All to kill him, but I will find it. What way will this be, Sirs? We shall even shoot him. Wherewith shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible. Now Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So (presenting the Bible as Soldiers do their Muskets) he cries out, *toott, toott, toott*, Now he is shot; there lies the foul Thief as dead as a Haron.

One of them being to administer the Sacrament looks about him, and says, Sirs, I miss somebody here to Day; I miss Christ here to Day; but he promis'd to be here to Day, and I think he will be as good as his Word: However, I will go out and see if he be coming. Upon this he went out, and staying some little Time, he comes in and tells them, Now, Sirs, Christ is coming, I saw him on his white Horse coming to you. Now, what Entertainment will you give him? I will tell you, Sirs: Will you get among you all but one Quart of Faith, a Gill of Grace, and a Pint of Sanctification, and this will make a good Morning-Draught for him.

Another of them holding forth upon God's sending *Jonah* to *Nineveh*, acted it thus: Did you never hear tell of a good God and a canker'd Prophet, Sirs? The good God said, *Jonah*, now *Billy Jonah*! wilt thou go to *Nineveh* for auld Sake's sake? The Deel be on my Feet then, said *Jonah*. O *Jonah*, said the good God, be not ill natur'd, they are my People. What care I for you or your People either? I know thou will have Mercy on them, and shall I go to be made a Liar in my Face? I scorn it, Sir!

Another of them preaching upon *Jacob's* wrestling, said, *Jacob* began to wrestle with God, an able Hand forsooth: Ay, Sirs, but he had a good Second, it was Faith. Faith and God gave two or three Tossles together; at last God dings down Faith on its bottom; Faith gets up to his Heels, says, Well, God, is this your Promise to me? I trow, I have a Ticket here in my Pocket. Faith brings out the Ticket, and stops it in God's Hand, and said, Now God, is not this your own Write? Deny your own Hand-write if you dare. God reads the Ticket, and says, Well, well, Faith, I remember I gave you such a Promise, good sooth Faith; but if thou had been another, thou should get all the Bones in thy Skin broken.

Mr. *Robert Blair*, preaching against the Observation of *Christmas*, had these Words: You
E 2 will

will say, Sirs, good old Youle Day; I'll tell you, good old Fool Day: You will say, it is a brave Holy Day; I tell you it is a brave Belly Day: You will say, these are bonny Formalities; but I tell you, they are bonny Far-talities.

One of them preaching on the first of *Job*, said he, I will tell you this Story, Sirs, very plainly: The Devil comes to God one Day; God said, What now Deel, thou foul Thief, whither art thou going? I am going up and down now, Lord, you have put me away from you now, I must even do for my self now. Well, well, Deel, (*says God*) all the World ken's that it is your Fault: But do not you know that I have an honest Servant they call *Job*? Is not he an honest Man, Deel? Sorrow to his Thank, *says the Deel*, you make his Cup stand full even, you make his Pot play well; but give him a Cuff, I'll hazard he'll be as ill as I am. Go Deel, *says God*, I'll yoke his Honesty with you: Fell his Cows, worry his Sheep, do all the Mischief ye can, but for the very Saul of ye touch not a Hair of his Tail.

Another inveighing against the Vanity of Women, spake thus: Behold the Vanity of Women, look to them; you'll see first a Satten Peticoat; lift that, there is a Tabby Peticoat; lift that, there is a Flannel Peticoat; lift that, there is a Holland Smarck; lift that,
and

and there you will see what they ought not to be proud of, no very cleanly Spectacle truly.

The Reverend Mr. *Brodie* preaching one day at the Kirk in *Edinburgh* on Hell-Torments, represented them to be intolerable by the extreme Cold they suffer'd there. And it being at that time very cold Weather, one of his Congregation after Sermon took upon him to ask him the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preach'd it up to be the Reverse. O Sir, said he, *I had good Reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*





ITER BOREALE.

By Bishop CORBET.



OUR Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two,
and two

That would be Doctors, having less
to do

With *Austin* than with *Galen*, in Va-
cation

Chang'd Studies, and turn'd Books to Recreation:
And on the Tenth of *August*, Northward bent,
A Journey not so soon conceiv'd as spent.

The first half Day they rode, they light upon
A noble Clergy Host, (*a*) *Kit Middleton*;
Who numb'ring out good Dishes with good Tales,
The major Part o'th' Chear weigh'd down the
Scales;

And tho' the Count'nance make the Feast, say
Books,

We ne'er found better Welcome with worse Looks:

(*a*) *Ashton on the Wall*, *Mr. Middleton's Benefice*.

Here

Here we paid Thanks, and parted, and at Night
 Had Entertainment all in one Man's Right,
 At *Flower*, (b) a Village, where our Tenant she,
 Sharp as a Winter-morning, fierce, yet free,
 With a lean Visage, like a carved Face
 On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place ;
 She pleas'd us well, but yet her Husband better,
 A (c) hearty Fellow, and a good Bone-setter :
 Now whether it were Providence or Luck,
 Whether the Keeper's or the Stealer's Buck ;
 There we had Ven'son such as *Virgil* flew,
 When he would feast *Aeneas* and his Crew :
 Here we consum'd a Day, and the next Morn
 To *Daintry* with a Land-wind we were born ;
 It was the Market, and the Lecture-day,
 For Lecturers sell Sermons, as the Lay
 Do Sheep and Oxen, have their Season just,
 For both their Markets ; there we drank down Dust.
 I' th' Interim comes a most officious (d) Drudge,
 His Face and Gown draw'd out with the same Budge,
 His Pendant Pouch, which was both large and wide,
 Look'd like a Letters-Patents by his Side :
 He was as awful, as he had been sent
 From *Moses* with th' eleventh Commandment ;
 And one of us he fought, a Man of *Flower*
 He must bid stand, and challenge for an Hour ;
 The Doctors both were quitted of their Fear,
 The one was hoarse, the other was not there ;
 Therefore him of the two he seized, best
 Able to answer him of all the rest,
 Because he needs but ruminat that o'er,
 Which he had chew'd the Sabbath Day before :

(b) *Flower* in Northamptonshire, Dr. Hutton's *Benefice*.

(c) Ned Hale.

(d) *A Serjeant*.

For tho' we were resolv'd to do him right,
 For Master *Bayley's* (e) sake, and Master *Wright* ;
 Yet he dissembled that the Mace did err,
 For he nor Deacon was, nor Minister.
 No! (quoth the Serjeant) sure then by Relation,
 You have a Licence, Sir, or Toleration ;
 And if you have no Orders, 'tis the better,
 So you have (f) *Dod's* Precepts, or *Cleaver's* Letter ;
 Thus looking on his Mace, and urging still,
 'Twas Master *Wright's*, and Master *Bayley's* Will,
 That he should mount; at last he condescended
 To stop the Gap, and so the Treaty ended :
 The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to Dine,
 We had all Preachers Wages, Thanks and Wine.
 Our next Day's Stage was (g) *Lutterworth*, a Town
 Not willing to be noted, or set down
 By any Traveller ; for when we had been
 Thro' at both Ends, we could not find an Inn ;
 Yet for the Church sake turn and light we must,
 Hoping to find one Dram of (h) *Wickliff's* Dust ;
 But we found none, for underneath the Pole
 No more rests of his Body, than his Soul :
 Abused Martyr, how hast thou been torn
 By two wild Factions! first the *Papists* burn
 Thy Bones for Hate, the *Puritans* in Zeal
 Do sell thy Marble, and thy Brass they steal.
 A (i) Parson met us there, who had great Store
 Of Livings, some say, but of Manners more :
 In whose streight cheerful Age a Man might see
 Well-govern'd Fortune, Bounty, Wise and Free ;
 He was our Guide to *Lei'ster*, save one Mile,
 There was his Dwelling, where we stay'd a while

(e) *The Minister of Daintry.* (f) *Minister of Banbury.*

(g) *Lutterworth, a Town in Leicestershire.*

(h) *Who lies buried in the Parish Church.*

(i) *Parson of Heathcot.*

And

And drank stale Beer, I think was never new,
Which the dun Wench that brought it us did
brew.

And now we are at *Leisler*, where we shall
Leap o'er six Steeples and an Hospital
Twice told ; those Land-marks wholly I refer
To *Cambden's Eye*, *England's Chorographer* ;
Let me observe the Alms-mens Heraldry,
Who being ask'd what *Henry* that should be
That was their Founder Duke of *Lancaster* ?
Answer'd, 'Twas *John of Gaunt*, I assure you, Sir ;
And so confuted all their Walls, that said
Henry of Richmond this Foundation laid.
The next Thing to be noted was our Cheer,
Enlarg'd with Seven and Six-pence Bread and Beer.
But O you wretched Tapsters as you are,
Who reckon by your Number, not your Fare ;
And set false Figures for all Companies,
Abusing innocent Meals with Oaths and Lyes !
Forbear your Coz'nage to Divines that come,
Lest they be thought to drink all that you sum.
Spare not the Laiety in your Reckoning thus,
But sure your Theft to us is scandalous.
Away my Muse from this base Subject, know
Thy *Pegasus* ne'er struck his Foot so low.
Is not th' usurping *Richard* buried here,
That King of Hate, and therefore Slave of Fear ?
Drag'd from the fatal Field, *Bosworth*, where he
Lost Life, and what he lived for, Cruelty ?
Search, find his Name, but there is none ; O Kings,
Remember whence your Power and Vastness
springs ;
If not as *Richard* now, so may you be,
Who hath no Tomb, but Scorn and Memory.

F

And

And tho' from his own Store (k) *Woolsey* might
have

A Palace, (l) or a College for his Grave ;

Yet here he lies interr'd, as if that all

Of him to be remembered were his Fall :

Nothing but Earth to Earth, nor pompous Weight
Upon him, but a Pebble or a Quoit.

If thou art thus neglected, what shall (m) we

Hope after Death, that are but Shreds of thee?

Hold ! *William* calls to Horse, *William* is he,

Who tho' he never saw threescore and three,

O'er-reckon'd us in Age, as he before

In Drink, and will bate nothing of fourscore ;

And he commands, as if the Warrant came

From the great Earl himself, to *Nottingham* :

There we cross *Trent*, and on the other side

Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as Up-hill we ride.

Where we observ'd the cunning Men like Moles,

Dwelt not in (n) Houses, but were Earth'd in
Holes.

So did they not build upwards, but dig thorough,

As *Hermits* Caves, or *Conies* do their Borough.

Great Underminers sure as any where,

'Tis thought the Powder-Traitors practis'd there.

Would you not think that Men stood on their
Heads,

When Gardens cover Houses there, like Leads ?

And on the Chimnies-top, the Maid may know,

Whether her Pottage boil, or not, below ?

There cast in Herbs, or Salt, or Bread ; her Meat

Contented rather with the Smoak than Heat.

This was the rocky Parish, higher stood

Churches, and Houses, Buildings, Stone and
Wood ; Crosses

(k) *Cardinal Woolsey buried there.*
and *Christ-Church*.

(l) *Whitehall*
(m) *Students in Christ-Church.*

(n) *Houses in the Rocks.*

Crosses not yet demolish'd, and our (o) Lady,
 With her Arms on, embracing her whole Baby :
 Where let us note, though these be Northern Parts,
 The (p) Cross finds in them more than Southern
 Hearts.

The Castle's next, but what shall we report
 Of that which now is Ruin, was a Fort ?
 The Gates, two Statues keep, which (q) Giants
 are,

To whom, it seems, committed is the Care
 Of the whole Downfal ; if it be your Fault,
 If you are guilty, may King (r) *David's* Vault,
 Or (s) *Mortimer's* dark Cell, contain you both ;
 A just Reward for so profane a Sloth :
 And if hereafter Tydings shall be brought
 Of any Place or Office to be bought ;
 And your left Lead, or unwedg'd Timber yet,
 Shall pass by your Consent, to purchase it ;
 May your deformed Bulks endure the Edge
 Of Axes, feel the Beetle and the Wedge ;
 May all the Ballads be called in and die,
 That sing the Wars of *Colebrand* and Sir *Guy* :
 O ye that do *Guildhall* and *Holmeby* keep
 So carefully, when both the Founders sleep ;
 You are good Giants, and partake no Shame
 With these two worthless Trunks of *Nottingham* :
 Look to your sev'ral Charges, we must go,
 Though griev'd at Heart to leave a Castle so.
 The (t) *Bull-head* is the Word, and we must eat,
 No Sorrow can descend so low as Meat :
 So to the Inn we came, where our best Cheer,
 Was, that his Grace of *York* had lodged there.

(o) *Crosses in Nottingham.*

(p) *The ruin'd Castle.*

(q) *Guy and Colebrand.*

(r) *Where David King of Scots*

was kept a Prisoner.

(s) *Which is within the Castle.*

(t) *In Nottingham.*

He was objected to us when we call,
 Or dislike aught, my Lord's Grace answers all ;
 He was contented with this Bed, this Diet,
 This keeps our discontented Stomachs quiet.
 The Inn-keeper was old, fourscore almost,
 Indeed an Emblem, rather than an Host ;
 In whom we read how God and Time decree
 To honour thrifty Hostlers, such as he ;
 For in the Stable first he did begin,
 Now see he is sole Lord of the whole Inn.
 Mark the Increase of Straw and Hay, and how
 By thrift, a Bottle may become a Mow ;
 Mark him, all ye that have the golden Itch,
 All whom God hath condemned to be rich :
 Farewel glad Father of thy Daughter May'refs,
 Thou Hostler *Phoenix*, thy Example rare is.

We are for *Newark* after this sad Talk,
 And thither 'tis no Journey, but a Walk :
 Nature is wanton there, and the Highway
 Seem'd to be private, tho' it open lay ;
 As if some swelling Lawyer for his Health,
 Or frantick Usurer to tame his Wealth,
 Had chosen out two Miles by *Trent*, to try
 Two great Effects of Art and Industry :
 The Ground we tread is Meadow, fertile Land,
 New trimm'd, and levell'd by the Mower's Hand ;
 Above it grew a Rock, rude, steep, and high,
 Which claims a kind of Rev'rence from the Eye :
 Betwixt them both there slides a lively Stream,
 Not loud, but swift : *Meander* was a Theam
 Crooked and rough ; but had those Poets seen
 Streight even *Trent*, it had immortal been :
 This side the open Plain admits the Sun,
 To half the River which did open run ;
 The other half ran Clouds, where the curl'd Wood,
 With his exalted Head, threat'ned the Flood :

Here

Here I could wish us ever passing by,
 And never past : Now *Newark* is too nigh ;
 And as a *Christmass* seems a Day but short,
 Deluding Time with Revels and good Sport ;
 So did this beauteous Mixture us beguile,
 And the whole twelve being travel'd, seem'd one
 Mile.

Now as the Way was sweet, so was the End ;
 Our Passage easy, and our Prize a (u) Friend :
 Whom there we did enjoy, and for whose sake,
 As for a kind of purer Coin, Men make
 Us lib'ral welcome with such Harmony,
 As the whole Town had been his Family.
 Mine Host of the next Inn did not repine
 That we prefer'd the Hart, and past his Sign :
 And where we lay, the Host and Hostess fain
 Would shew our Loves were aim'd at, not their
 Gain.

The very Beggars were so ingenuous,
 They rather pray for him, than beg of us ;
 And so the Doctor's Friends be pleased to stay,
 The *Puritans* will let the (x) Organs play.
 Would they pull down the Gallery builded new,
 With the Churchwarden's Seat, and *Burleigh* Pew ;
Newark for Light, and Beauty, might compare
 With any Church, but what Cathedrals are :
 To this belongs a (y) Vicar, who succeeded
 The Friend I mention'd, such a one there needed,
 A Man whose Life and Tongue is Eloquent,
 Able to charm those Mutinous Heads of *Trent*,
 And urge the Canon home, when they conspire
 Against the Cross and Bells with Sword and Fire.
 There stood a Castle too ; they shew us here
 The Place where the King slept, the Window where

(u) Dr. Jucks.

(x) New Church.

(y) Mr. Mason
He

He talk'd with such a Lord, how long he stay'd
 In his Discourse, and all but what he said.
 From whence, without a Prospective, we see
Bever and *Lincoln*, where we fain would be,
 But that our Purse, and Horses too were bound
 Within the Compass of a narrower Ground.
 Our Purpose is all Homeward, and 'twas Time
 At parting, to have Wit, as well as Wine.
 Full three o'Clock, and twenty Miles to ride,
 Will ask a speedy Horse, and a sure Guide;
 We wanted both, and *Loughborough* may glory,
 Error hath made it famous in our Story.
 'Twas Night, and the swift Horses of the Sun,
 Two Hours before our Jades, their Race had run;
 Nor Pilot, Moon, nor any such kind Star,
 As guided those wise Men that came from far
 To holy *Bethlehem*; such Lights had they been,
 They would have soon convey'd us to an Inn:
 But all were wandring Stars, and we as they
 Were taught no Course, but to ride on and stray:
 When Oh the Fate of Darknes, who hath try'd it,
 Here our whole Fleet is scatter'd and divided!
 And now we labour more to meet, than erst
 We did to lodge, the last cries down the first;
 Our Voices are all spent, and they that follow
 Can now no longer track us by the Hollow:
 They curse the foremost, we the hindmost, both
 Accusing with like Patience, Haste, and Sloth.
 At last upon a little Town we fall
 Where some for Drink, some for a Candle call:
 Unhappy we! such Stragglers as we are,
 Admire a Candle oftner than a Star;
 We care not for those glorious Lights aloof,
 Give us a Tallow Candle, a dry Roof,
 And now we have a Guide, we'll cease to chafe,
 Now we have Time to pray the rest be safe;

Our

Our Guide before cries Come, and we the whiles
 Ride blindfold, and take Bridges to be Stiles,
 Till at the last we overcome the Dark,
 And spight of Night and Error hit the Mark:
 Some half Hour after enters the whole Tail,
 As if they were committed to the Jail:
 The (z) Constable that took 'em thus divided,
 Made 'em seem apprehended, and not guided;
 Where when we had our Fortunes both detested,
 Compassion made us Friends, and so we rested;
 'Twas quickly Morning, though by our short stay,
 We could not find that we had less to pay;
 All (a) Travellers these heavy Judgments hear,
 A handsome Hostess makes a Reckoning dear:
 Her Smiles, her Words, your Purfes must requite em,
 And every Welcome from her adds an Item.
 Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,
 For *Bosworth* we are hors'd: Behold the Fate
 Of mortal Men! foul Error is a Mother,
 And pregnant once, doth soon beget another:
 We who last Night did learn to lose our Way,
 Are perfect since, and further out next Day;
 And in a (b) Forest having travell'd fore,
 Like wand'ring *Bevis* ere he found the Boar;
 Or as some Love-sick Lady oft hath done,
 Before she was rescu'd by the Knight o' th' Sun;
 So are we lost, and meet no comfort then,
 But Carts, and Horses wiser than the Men:
 Which is the Way, they neither speak nor point,
 Their Tongues and Fingers both are out of Joint;
 Such Monsters by *Cole-Herton* Banks there sit,
 After their Resurrection from the Pit.
 Whiles in this Mill we labour and turn round,
 As in a Conjurer's Circle, *William* found

(z) Whom they had hired to direct them.
 rough. (b) Leicester Forest.

(a) Loughbo

A Means for our Delivery. Turn your Cloaks,
 Quoth he, for *Puck* is busy in these Oaks.
 If ever ye at *Bosworth* will be found,
 Then turn your Cloaks, for this is Fairy Ground.
 But e'er this Witchcraft was perform'd, we meet
 A very Man, who had not cloven Feet ;
 Though *William* still of little Faith, doth doubt
 'Tis *Robin*, or some Spirit walks about :
 Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to Air ;
 Cross yourselves thrice, and strike him : Strike that
 dare

Thought I, for sure this massie Forester,
 In Blows, will prove the better Conjuror :
 But 'twas a gentle Keeper, one that knew
 Humanity and Manners where they grew ;
 And rode along with us, till he could say,
 Lo yonder *Bosworth* stands, and this your Way.
 And now when we had sweat, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
 And eight Miles long, to thirty broad had run ;
 We learn'd the just Proportion from hence,
 Of the Diameter and Circumference.
 That Night made yet amends, our Meat, our
 Sheets,
 Were far above the Promise of those Streets ;
 Those Houses that were til'd with Straw and Moss,
 Promis'd but weak Repair for that Day's loss
 Of Patience ; yet this Out-side lets us know,
 The worthy'st Things make not the greatest Show.
 The Shot was easy, and what concerns us more,
 The Way was so, mine Host did ride before :
 Mine Host was full of Ale, and History,
 And on the Morrow when he brought us nigh
 Where the (c) two *Roses* join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er writ the *Romant* of the Rose.

(c) *Bosworth Field.*

Hear

Hear him : See ye yond' Woods? there *Richard*
lay

With his whole Army ; look the other way,
And lo where *Richmond* in a Bed of Gorse,
Encamp'd himself o'er Night, with all his Force.
Upon this Hill they met ; why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard*
fell :

Besides what of his Knowledge he could say,
He had authentick Notice from the Play ;
Which I might guess by's must'ring up the Ghosts,
And Policies, not incident to Hosts ;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous Thing,
Where he mistook a Player for a King ;
For when he would have said, King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burbage* cry'd,
Howe'er his Talk, his Company pleas'd well.
His Mare went truer than his Chronicle ;
And even for Conscience sake unspurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us six Miles, and turn'd Tail to *Nun-Eaton* :
From thence to *Coventry*, where we scarce Dine,
Only our Stomachs warm'd with Zeal and Wine ;
And thence, as if we were predestin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodom*, fly to *Killingworth*.
The Keeper of the Castle was from Home,
So that half Mile was lost ; yet when we come,
An Host receives us there, we ne'er deny him,
My Lord of *Lei'ster's* Man, the Parson by him ;
Who had no other Proof to testify
He serv'd the Lord, but Age and Bawdery.
Away for shame, why should three Miles divide
Warwick and us? They that have Horses, ride.
A short Mile from the Town, an humble (d) Shrine,
At foot of a high Rock consists in Sign

(d) *Guy's Cliff.*

G

Of

Of *Guy* and his Devotions, who there stands,
 Ugly and huge, more than a Man on's Hands ;
 His *Helmet* Steel, his *Gorget* Mail, his *Shield*
 Brass, made the Chappel fearful as a Field.
 And let this Answer all the Pope's Complaints ;
 We set up Giants, though we pull down Saints.
 Beyond this in the Road-way as we went,
 A Pillar stands where this *Colossus* leant,
 Where he would love, and sigh, and for Hearts-ease,
 Oft-times write Verses, some say such as these :

*Here will I languish in this silly Bower,
 While my Sweet-Heart triumphs in yonder Tower.*

No other hindrance now, but we may pass
 Clear to our Inn : Oh ! there an Hostess was,
 To whom the Castle and the Dun Cow are
 Sights after Dinner, she is Morning-ware :
 Her whole Behaviour borrow'd was and mixt,
 Half Fool, half Puppet, and her Pace betwixt
 Measure and Jigg ; her Court'sie was an Honour ;
 Her Gait as if her Neighbours had out-gone her :
 She was barr'd up in Whale-bones that did leese
 None of the Whale's length, for they reach'd her
 Knees :

Off with her Head, and then she hath a Middle,
 As her Waste stands, just like the new-found Fiddle,
 The Favourite *Theorbo*, Truth to tell ye,
 Whose Neck and Throat are deeper than the Belly :
 Have you seen Monkeys chain'd about their Loins,
 Or Pottle-pots with Rings ? Just so she joins
 Her self together ; a Dressing she doth love,
 In a small Print below, and Text above.

What tho' her Name be *King*, yet 'tis no Treason,
 Nor Breach of Statute, to enquire the Reason
 Of her branch'd Ruff, a Cubit every Poak
 I seem to wend her, but she struck the Stroke

At our Departure, and our Worships there
 Paid for our Titles dear, as any where.
 Tho' Beadles and Professors both have done,
 Yet every Inn claims Augmentation :
 Please you walk out and see the (e) Castle, come,
 The Owner saith, it is a Scholar's home ;
 A Place of Strength and Health ; in the same Fort
 You would conceive a Castle and a Court ;
 The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers, and the Air,
 May with the Trenches, Rampeirs, Walls com-
 pare :

It seems no Art, no Force can intercept it,
 As if a Lover built, a Soldier kept it :
 Up to the Tower, though it be steep and high,
 We do not climb, but walk ; and tho' the Eye
 Seem to be weary, yet our Feet are still
 In the same Posture, couched up the Hill ;
 And thus the Workman's Art deceives our Sense,
 Making those Rounds of Pleasure and Defence.
 As we descend, the (f) Lord of all this Frame,
 The Honourable Chancellor, to us came ;
 Above the Hill there blew a gentle Breath ;
 But now we feel a sweeter Gale beneath ;
 The Phrase and Welcome of this Knight did make
 The Place more elegant : Each Word he spake
 Was Wine and Musick, which he did expose
 To us, if all our Art could censure those :
 With him there was a (g) Prelate, by his Place,
 Arch-deacon to the Bishop, by his Face
 A greater Man, for that did counterfeit
 Lord Abbot of some Convent standing yet,
 A corpulent Relique, marry and 'tis sin,

(e) Warwick Castle.
 (f) Sir Fulke Grevile,

(g) Arch-Deacon Burton.

Some *Puritan* get not that Face call'd in ;
 Amongst lean Brethren it may Scandal bring,
 To look for Parity in ev'ry Thing :
 For us, let him enjoy all that God sends,
 Plenty of Flesh, of Livings, and of Friends.

Imagine us here ambling down the Street,
 Circling in *Flower*, and making both Ends meet,
 Where we fare well four Days, and did complain
 Like Harvest-folks of Weather and of Rain ;
 And on the Feast of *Barthol'mew* we try
 What Revels that Saint keeps at (b) *Banbury*.

I'th' Name of God Amen! First to begin,
 The Altar was converted to an Inn ;
 We lodg'd in the Chappel by the Sign,
 But in a Bankrupt Tavern by the Wine ;
 Besides, our Horses Usage makes us think
 'Twas still a Church, for they in (i) Coffins drink ;
 As if 'twere congruous, that the ancient'st lye
 Close by those Altars in whose Faith they die :
 Now you believe the Church has great Variety
 Of Monuments, when Inns have such Society ;
 But nothing less, there's no Inscription there,
 But the Church-wardens of the last past Year ;
 Instead of Saints in Windows, and in Walls,
 Here Buckets hang, and there a Cobweb falls ;
 Would you not think they love Antiquity,
 Who brush their Quire for Perpetuity?
 Whilst all the other Pavements and the Floor
 Are suppliant to the Surveyor's Power
 Of the Highways, that he would gravell'd keep
 Them, or in Winter sure they will be deep ;
 If not for God's, for Master *Wheatley's* sake,
 Level the Walks ; suppose these Pit-falls make

(b) *Banbury, at the Sign of the Altar Stone.*

(i) *Which serve for Troughs in the Back-side.*

Him sprain a Lecture, or misplace a Joint
 In his long Prayer, or in his seventeenth Point;
 Think you the Daw's and Stares can set him right?
 Surely this Sin upon your Heads will light;
 And say, Beloved, what unchristian Charm
 Is this? you have not lost a Leg or Arm
 Of an Apostle. Think you, if those were whole,
 They would arise at last t' assume a Soul?
 If not, 'tis plain all the Idolatry
 Lies in your Folly, not the Imag'ry.
 'Tis well the Pinacles are fal'n in twain,
 For now the Devil, should he tempt again,
 Hath no Advantage of a Place so high:
 Fools! he can dash you from your Gallery,
 Where all your Medly meets, and do compare
 Not what you learn, but who was longest there;
 The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptist*, *Brownist*,
 Like a grand Sallad; *Tinkers*, What a Town is't?
 The Crosses also, like old Stumps of Trees,
 Or Stools for Horsemen that have feeble Knees,
 Carry no Heads above Ground: Those which tell
 That Christ hath ne'er descended into Hell,
 But to the Grave, his Picture buried have
 In a far deeper Dungeon than a Grave;
 That is, descended to endure what Pains
 The Devil can think, or such Disciples Brains.

No more my Grief, in such profane Abuses,
 Good Whips make better Verses than the Muses;
 Away, and look not back; away, while yet
 The Church is standing, while the Benefit
 Of seeing it remains, so long you shall
 Have that rackt down, and call'd Apocryphal;
 And in some Barn hear cited many an Author,
Kate Stubs, *Anne Ascue*, or the Lady's Daughter,

Which

Which shall be urg'd for Fathers: Stop Disdain,
When *Oxford* once appears, Satan refrain.

Neighbours, how hath our Anger thus out-gon's?
Is not *St. Giles's* this, and that *St. John's*?

We are returned, but just with so much Ore,
As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and no more.

*Non recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus
Non ubivis, coramve quibushbet.*

HOR. Ser. I. Sat. 4.

F I N I S.



